

"Gete Library" from

## THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
AT LEBANON, KY.,  
BY W. W. JACK.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished  
subscribers at the following rates:

One year, in advance, \$2 00  
If paid within six months, 2 50  
At the end of the year, 3 00

## Post's Corner.



### O! Would that I'd been Born a Boy.

BY BELLE THORNE.

O! would that I'd been born a boy,  
How happy I would be;  
I'd be the envy of the men,  
The girls should worship me.

I'd wear a very graceful hat,  
No stove pipe affair;  
And from beneath its brim should flow  
Rich waves of dark brown hair.

I wouldn't be a fop, you know,  
For fop I do despise;

But dress with style and taste enough  
To please the ladies' eyes.

When I felt in 'm'ing mood,"  
To La La Keene's I'd go;

For oh! best thought of Liberty,  
I shouldn't need a beau.

I'd have a sight key—that I would,  
And I'd go out and in;  
Without a dozen folks to ask  
"Why, Belle! where have you been?"

I wouldn't drink, or chew, or swear;  
I wouldn't—yes I would;

I'd smoke cigars, provided I  
Could always get them good.

I'd have a dozen pretty girls,  
For "cons,"—nothing more;  
And then I'd have a dear bracelet,  
A darling, I'd adore.

A darling melting black-eyed love,  
A teasing, hugging elf,  
With yielding charms and round white arms;  
A dear—just like myself.

I'd never slander women—No!  
I'd never kiss and tell;"  
And there's some fellows in this town,  
Oh!—wouldn't I thrash 'em well!

### O! Would that I'd been Born a Girl.

BY BELLE THORNE.

A rejoinder to Belle Thorne's "O! Would that I'd been born a Boy."

O! would that I'd been born a girl,  
To live a life of bliss;  
With cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,  
And lips an ear might kiss!

I'd be the glory of my sex,  
The worship of the men;  
And many a churl I'd sorely vex,  
Among the upper ten.

A mother's pride and father's joy,  
Of course I'd also be;  
And never should they wish a boy  
They'd had instead of me.

I'd wear a bonnet on my head,  
And not upon my back;  
And with the man I would not wed  
Who common sense did lack.

No prude I'd be, nor yet coquette,  
But always my dear self;  
For dress I'd never run in debt,  
Nor fall in love for self.

I would not wear false hair—nor point,  
Nor have small waist to show;  
Nor seem at church a perfect saint,  
So as to win a beau.

No bits of rats—those heartless e'ves,  
Who sit so on the streets;  
All tho' mere boys, men deem themselves,  
Should found be at my feet.

But most of all that thing they call  
"A lady's man," I'd shun;  
Whose oily tongue in talk that's small,  
Eternally does run.

And that dear glorious girl, "Belle Thorne,"  
Who would so happy be;  
Had she a boy ever born,  
Should never "cousin" me!

### How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man!" Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not got a friend in the world.—Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?"—Sign a note for your friend, and never forget your kindness; and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note?" Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine, till you put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling passed to you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about it, if you should take it.—Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you deal with to be a rogue.—Never accommodate, if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.—Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over your misfortune—your lack of talents, and believe at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty. Then you will be miserable to your heart's content, (if we may speak,) sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer nor encourage you; nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. All will be as dark and cheerless as the grave.

A Jerseyman gives the following advice to gardeners: "To cure hens from scratching up your garden beds, cut their dainty scratchers off, just below their heads."

# THE POST.



VOL. 4,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1856.

NO. 40.

## Select Tales.

### The Wife for Me.

BY MARY ALHRENSEES.

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible, enterprising bachelor, of seven-and-twenty years, who, having obtained an excellent reputation by his industry and integrity, and having made himself useful to the mercantile firm in Boston, with whom he had served an apprenticeship, was at length invited to a copartnership in the concern. For some time he had been encouraged to anticipate this elevation, and he soberly and energetically entered upon the new duties of his position. When business crowded, he had but little leisure to mourn over, when hours each day hung heavily upon his hands, he could not help thinking how delightful it would be, had he but a house and a gentle wife of his own. His pecuniary circumstances now warranted such luxuries; and he resolved to marry when he could find a lady just suited to his mind.

Near a country village in Maine, not a thousand miles from Bangor, lived an old friend of his father; and being on a collecting tour in that region during the autumn months, he determined to accept of an oft-repeated invitation to spend a few days with the old gentleman, and sent a note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the residence of his old friend, and found that the family were very well prepared and pleased to welcome him as a guest. In the parlor were two young ladies, well dressed, and quite handsome. He was duly introduced to Misses Jane and Charlotte, and found them accomplished and sensible young ladies. Being just now very susceptible to the tender passion, he was easily pleased, and exerted his powers to render himself agreeable to the flattered maidens. He succeeded, of course. Sensible men of his age and prospects, always do, when they try.

From one handsome, intelligent face to another, he caught himself several times mentally inquiring, "Which would make the better wife?" The mother and a neat-looking maid were seen at intervals passing from the kitchen preparing supper. The girl who set out the table and spread the white stainless cloth, and arranged the plates, seemed to do it gracefully and quietly, as if she had made such duties a study as a science, and won a passing glance of admiration as a very neat and pretty servant, a model of a "help." Altogether, he thought it was a charming family. When they sat at the cheerful supper, and he tasted the light home-made bread, and then the sweet, fresh butter, and the thinly-sliced, home-cured beef; the hot, well-flavored tea; the excellency and good taste manifested in the whole ordering, he felicitated himself upon having found so pleasant a home, even if it were but for a few days. After supper was over and the table cleared, a third young lady, very neatly dressed, entered the room, and was formally introduced to him as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He was not a little surprised to find that the neat servant girl whose hard-work had won his admiration, was one of the sisters. He found her sprightly, cheerful, and accomplished, and he thought a little more graceful, than Jane, who was older, or Charlotte, who was younger than herself. He thought a little more neatly of himself, for having taken her to be a hired girl in the family, but not a whit more neatly of her for having revealed herself in that capacity. And his perplexity was somewhat increased as he sat down on his lonely bed side in the chamber to which he was shown by his host, and said to himself, "Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love to keep him awake—he entered the breakfast room, and was soon joined by the two young ladies who had first welcomed him. Sarah was not yet visible; but when Jane revived, I prefer the plaids; the green is very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rubbing and creasing it. "Well, it don't crease much," said she, "I wonder whether it will cut?"

"No, it is boiled silk, and we find the plaids and stripes usually wear well."

"Your silks are quite pretty, and you may cut me off samples," continued Sallie.

This the merchant was forced to do, though with rather a bad grace, as most of his goods were in patterns and he feared spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me some of the solid colors?"

These were also furnished.

"This plaid, you say, is one dollar and thirty-seven cents. Is that the lowest?"

"Yes—we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"

"Fourteen."

"I'd rather have eighteen; perhaps I might conclude to buy flounces."

"Well I said, sotio voice, "that one of those girls would take Sarah's place in the kitchen a little while that I might find out some of her housekeeping qualities, and that I might have a little chat with her."

But he waited for such a change in vain, though he found an opportunity to con-

verse, and discovered all he wished to know just then about her mental qualifications and acquirements, and at the end of the fourth day, just before he got into bed, he stopped the counterpane emphatically and said to it—as there was nobody in the room, I suppose he must have spoken to the counterpane or the bed-post—"she is the wife for me."

The next day was the limit of his visit; and as he stood at his window after breakfast, he saw Sarah with the bewitching white apron, trip out into the orchard to shake apples; for it was baking day, and pies were to be made. Horace strolled after her, and shook the tree, and helped her to pick up the apples, and carried the basket as they returned slowly, very slowly to the house. What it was he whispered in her ear, she never told, but she seemed not displeased, though evidently surprised and a little frightened.

A year after, Horace was at the house of his old friend again, and this time Sarah was not so much in the kitchen. There were great preparations for a wedding going forward; and in a few days Sarah became Mrs. Horace Hastings; and now, in a splendid Boston Mansion, she fully justifies the wisdom of her husband's choice by being to him a most excellent wife and a superlative house-keeper.

### GOING A SHOPPING.

Did you ever go shopping? I suppose not. Gentlemen have no genius for shopping. They are not equal to it. Nature has left their faculties imperfect in that particular. They can write books and make speeches, and all that sort of thing, but they are not up to shopping.

"Ahem! We have a large lot, and I want to dispose of them. I'll say two dollars is your very lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four dollars is your very lowest?"

"Ahem! We have a large lot, and I want to dispose of them. I'll say two dollars and fifty cents?"

Still longer pause. "Are you sure it is a first-rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all sick and wool."

My friend was caught. Turning to me she whispered:

"I do wish I had some money!" and then, addressing the merchant, she said:

"I'll call again."

Men pretend they don't like to go shopping with the ladies. I wonder who ever asked them? What lady would have such an encumbrance on such occasions?

Young gentlemen are convenient to take us to concerts, see us home from church, and bring us bouquets and music; and husbands are useful, I suppose, to pay bills, &c., but for shopping excursions they are quite out of place.

Do not understand me to insinuate that I have any distinguished ability that way. Not at all—I only speak for my sex. In fact, I acknowledge that I am regarded by my lady acquaintances as a poor hand at it. But my friend Sallie Z. is a model shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and hope to be perfected by the time I am married. A few days since she invited me with her.

"I wish to look at the new style silks," said she.

"Why, do you want a dress?" said I.

"Really," said Sallie, "if it was not impolite, I should say you were a veritable queen!"

"I don't want a dress—but there's no reason I shouldn't see the materials."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first store we entered, she asked whether the merchant had received his spring goods as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He was not a little surprised to find that the neat servant girl whose hard-work had won his admiration, was one of the sisters. He found her sprightly, cheerful, and accomplished, and he thought a little more graceful, than Jane, who was older, or Charlotte, who was younger than herself.

He thought a little more neatly of himself, for having taken her to be a hired girl in the family, but not a whit more neatly of her for having revealed herself in that capacity. And his perplexity was somewhat increased as he sat down on his lonely bed side in the chamber to which he was shown by his host, and said to himself, "Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love to keep him awake—he entered the breakfast room, and was soon joined by the two young ladies who had first welcomed him. Sarah was not yet visible; but when Jane revived, I prefer the plaids; the green is very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rubbing and creasing it. "Well, it don't crease much," said she, "I wonder whether it will cut?"

"What style is worn?" said Sallie.

"Well, we sell probably more plaids and stripes than any other."

"Have you got any with the cheve-

"Gh yes, some very fine," and a variety of pieces were proffered.

"Well, I said, sotio voice, "that one of those girls would take Sarah's place in the kitchen a little while that I might find out some of her housekeeping qualities, and that I might have a little chat with her."

But he waited for such a change in vain, though he found an opportunity to con-

"What a cheat! I can buy these silks for four cents," said Sallie when we were fairly out; "and besides, we forgot their shawls!"

So we went to another store.

"Have you any Stella shawls?"

"Yes, some beautiful ones just opened. Would you see the broche bordes or the printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No—I'll look at all of them," said Sallie.

Different colors, qualities and patterns were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of this green centre border?" inquired Sallie.

"We can afford you that at nine dollars a piece sold for fifteen two months ago. Some printed borders we can put at four dollars and fifty cents."

"No; I prefer broche, but can't you take less?"

I saw a trinket in the merchant's eye, which made me think he knew she was only shopping.

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention it, I'll let you have it for six."

Sallie looked surprised. She knew that style and article was selling at nine.

"Six dollars—is that your lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four dollars is your very lowest?"

"Well, to oblige you, I'll say four."

"





Correspondence of the Somerset Democrat.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10, 1856

Messrs. Editors:—Permit me to assure you, of an "Old Line Whig Meeting," preparing to be composed of "Old Line Whigs," to take place here on Monday, Sept. 18th. They met on Monday evening, at the Hibernian Hall, known as Fillings and Donelson Headquarters. Amongst those so-called "Old Line Whigs" and principal orators, were S. S. Nicholson, and Gen. W. S. Palmer, (or better known as the "Everlasting Pilcher.") The former spoke first; his speech was characteristic, and in a few words stated the object of the meeting and however dim, he gave it up.

The latter, (Pilcher,) was called up, in reply, he advocated the social order, and come down (like a thousand of bricks) upon Catholics, "Bishops," "Priests" and Democrats. The meeting was packed with know nothing members. The meeting did nothing, and thus ended the affair. But let the friends of the Southern rights, not be deceived by those so-called "old whig meetings," as they are all formed of the RANKEST know nothings.

Wednesday Morning, Sept. 24, 1856.

## Rags! Rags!! Rags!!!

Clean Linen and Cotton Rags wanted at this office. The highest price in CASH will be paid for any amount brought.

## Notice.

All personal communications to this paper will be hereafter charged as advertisements, and must be paid for, before they can appear. This rule will be adhered to strictly.

The Democrats of the lower end of the State are up and doing. They are giving Barbecues and holding large meetings, at which a number of distinguished speakers address the people. Hons. Linn Boyd, Thos. C. McCrory, H. C. Burnett, Gov. Powell, Col. Bradley, Col. Gholson, Col. G. C. Rogers, of Fayette, and other speakers are doing yeoman service in the good cause.

O. X. E

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 15, 1856.

Editors' Times:—The honest portion of this State, of all parties, acknowledge that Buchanan will carry it by not less than twenty thousand majority.

The abolition party are making greater exertions than ever was made by any party since the foundation of this Republic, but I think and hope they are wasting time and expense. They are very exact in representing everything, truth is a dead letter with them and hence they resort to everything that is calculated to injure the Democratic party.

Our State ticket will also be carried by a large majority. From present indications, the gallant Richardson will be elected Governor from ten to twenty thousand votes. Respectfully yours,

R. H.

A few days ago we noticed the capture of a negro belonging to C. M. McCoy, of this city, at Bloomington, Indiana, and stated that a white man who had kidnapped him was held to bail in Indiana. We learn from the New Albany Ledger that the man who arrested the negro were held to bail for kidnapping, and not the kidnapper.—*Low. Times*.

THE SULTAN A DRUNKARD.—The London correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

The Sultan, half-educated, but weak, has in his endeavors to become civilized, taken a fancy to wine drinking, and his health is now entirely prostrate in consequence of habitual drunkenness.

A KENTUCKIAN IN TROUBLE.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:

Another verdant specimen of humanity, fresh from the shore of old Kentucky, was dabbled out of \$75 yesterday in a shanty on Sausage row, at the ball game. He applied to the Watch-house for redress, where he gave his name is George Estebazy. Unfortunately, however, for George the gentlemen who operate with the "little joker" had flown.

A WEDDING.—A wedding came off at the court-house one day last week in which the bride was fourteen and the bridegroom seventy odd years of age. They were both children, the one in her first, the other in his second childhood. There was present at the nuptial ceremony, my daughter of the "old green bough" as old as the bride's mother.—*Harmon (Ill.) Herald*.

We are told that one of the *Sieg Nicht* editors say in his paper of yesterday that the members of the American party here are making all their arrangements to drive legal voters from the polls by the use of brass-knuckles and other violent means.

Yes, and the *Sieg Nicht* editor gave know nothing authority to prove what he said was true. One of their organs says, "Arrangements have been made to keep the State. A council of this city have passed a resolution that they (the *k. n.*'s) and the city will keep it. Does the Journal want other proof?"—*Times*.

T. M. GREEN.—This verdant youth made a display of his talents at the court-house on Monday evening. We did not hear him, but we suppose from what we are told that his "effort" was in full keeping with his cognomen. If the "Chapin" at "head-quarters" can't send men to the mountains they had better send none at all, unless they wish Buck and Brock to sweep everything before them in regular. We do not suppose, however, that his "man" know he's out." Men are becoming ashamed of the cause—hence the *boys* are sent forth. Verily thou art a green Somerset Democrat.

OMIORS.—The know nothing party some time ago erected a pole on the corner of Shelly and Main streets, upon which the American flag was hoisted to the breeze and bearing on it the names of "Fillmore and Donelson." The winds of yesterday tore from the flag the names of the know nothing nominees and left the stars unscratched.

Democratic camp-fires burn brightly in every State; the Democratic army is united and is in the best of spirits and eager for the battle. The forces of the opposition are divided into guerrilla bands, the face of each looks belligerant and betrays a can-

vas of signal defeat in the day of trial.

The Journal folks some years ago were

great on omens. What have they to say to this?—*Low. Dem.*

Sportsmen may be interested to learn that small shot, when mixed with sand, are third in quantity of fine sand, will keep more closely together when fired, and last a distance of eighteen to twenty yards further than ordinary.

Fruit jellies may be preserved from moldiness by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely powdered loaf sugar. Thus protected they will keep in good condition for years.

MEAN.—The man, if he is entitled to be called such, that tore down the U. S. Democratic mass meeting, from the side of one office is mean enough to kick across a bind sow, or steal brass rings from a dead piggy's fingers. We hope his beastly appetite was satisfied by toasting. We do not envy the principle. It is the mean and contumacious—*U. S. Democrat*.

## PROSPECTUS

## S. M. Y.'S COLLEGE.

NEAR LOUISVILLE, MARION CO., KY.

The exercises of this Hibernian Association will commence on the first Monday in September, (1856,) on which day all students are destined to be present in attendance. Under a new President and Faculty every effort will be made to render the College worthy an increased public confidence. Students will be received without distinction of religious denomination, provided they be of good moral character, and are willing to obey with all the requirements. The fee two sessions per year is \$15 for five months, the first ending February 1, and the second out the 1st of July.

## TERMS PER SESSION.

[IN TWELVE WEEKS]	
Orthography, Penning, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Eng. Grammar, &c.	28.00
Chemistry, Philosophy and Composition, with any of the above named studies.	10.00
Alg. Gram., Astronomy, Physiology, Geology, Moral Science, Intercourse, and Moral Philosophy.	12.00
Music on the Piano, &c.	20.00
Use of Instrument,	3.00
French,	10.00

Students will be charged for the highest standard which they pursue.

Each student will be charged fifty cents for incidental expenses.

No deduction will be made for lost time, except in cases of protracted sickness.

See advertisement.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

When death is at the door, the remedy which won't be worse than it. If administered in time, comes too late. Do not tarry with it. Rely upon it, that when the stomach will not digest it in, when the bowels are fast, the medicine will not be retained. The system is disturbed, the appetite lost, the mind deranged, the nerves tortured, the body so sore, that when these symptoms are past, the powers of vitality are failing, and that, unless the mischief is promptly checked, his life will be shortened, as well as rendered miserable. Now we know from a mass of testimony, that there was ever before a concoction in favor of one remedy, that Hoofring's German Waters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jevons, of Louisville, will immediately abate, and in a brief time, entirely remove all of these disorders as surely as a mathematical process will solve a problem. Who, then, will endure the agony, and the risk of life, with health and safety within reach?

See advertisement.

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## Scissoring.

**JACK AT ALL TRADES.**—A druggist in this city last week advertised for a clerk, and among other applications, was that of a tall, awkward-looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years of age, coarsely dressed, without stockings, and with a skin as rough as that of a rhinoceros. After staring awhile at the splendid bottles, and other things that attracted his notice, he broke out:

"Are you the druggist of this 'ere establishment?"

"I am the druggist, sir," replied the owner.

"Well, I thought so as soon as I came in, said the fellow; 'I know a thing or two, for all I look so. I've been readin' in the newspapers about how you are in want of a clerk, and thinks I as soon as I cast my eye on it, now that place will suit me to a hair. And so I've come right away up here to make a bargain."

"Have you been bred to the business?" inquired the druggist.

"I can't say as I have exactly," replied the lout, "but I've been bred to farmin', and I have a brother that can chop wood like a horse—which I 'spose will answer all the same."

"But," said the druggist, "I should like to get a man that understands something of the business."

"Why, for that matter, returned the fellow, 'I could soon learn—I'm a purty ingenu fellow about anything I undertake. Why, it's only last winter, I made a whole pig-trough out of my own head—What do you think of that, sir?"

"I suppose you found the stuff already fitted to your hands. But I imagine it is easier for you to make a pig-strong than a druggist."

"Try me then, and see," said the persevering applicant. "You don't know till you try. Now, what'll you wager I can't tell what's in that round bottle there in the winder?"

"I'm not in the habit of betting," said the druggist, "but I doubt very much whether you can tell."

"You won't bet, ha?" replied the fellow, "then I'll tell you without. That stuff that looks so blue in that are bottle, is hydrostatic-muriatic-problematical-genetic-acid. I larn that of the doctor in our town. Don't you think, sir, I'm a purty ingenu scholar?"

"I must say you have given a very fair specimen," replied the owner of the shop, "but as it takes some years to learn the druggist's business, I think you had better engage in something which you can understand more readily."

"You think I had, ha?" said the fellow, with a mortified look. He then stood musing for a while drumming on the counter, when all of a sudden, seeming to have caught a new idea, he burst out, "By jingo! Mister, I b'leave you're right, and now I think on't, I'll go this minute and see if I can't git a place in a *livery stable*."

When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, and prays to him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, she brings with her a donkey laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances, which to take place; and having well saturated him, she departs.

"I owe you one," said a withered old Coeles, to a lady the other night at a party.

"For what?" said she.

"Why, for calling me a young gentleman."

"If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, believe me, though an old man, you may still be a young gentleman."

**SIGNS.**—To hear a death watch, denotes there is a little insect near you. A ringing in your ears denotes that you have taken a little cold. To see strange sights or hear some sounds is a sign there is something to cause them, or that your whole nervous system is disordered. To have frightful dreams, is a sign you ate too much for supper. To see an apparition or to be bewitched, is an incontestable evidence that you are lacking common sense.

**ECHO ANSWERING QUESTIONS.**—What is the greatest terror?—"fire."

What must be done to conduct a news-paper write?—"write."

Speaking of the eastern war, one was asked, what will be the expense?—pence."

What's the best course to steer as a magistrate?—"straight!"

What's necessary for a farmer to assist him?—"system!"

What's the poorest thing to settle the slavery confusion?—"fusion!"

What would give the blind man the greatest delight?—"light!"

What's the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—"peace."

Who commits the greatest abominations?—"nations!"

What are some women's chief exercise?—"sighs."

In his speech at the Massachusetts "Old-Line" Know-Nothing Whig Convention, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop remarked, on giving his adhesion to Fillmore:

"In my experience thus far, I have voted for a President of the United States once, with only four States, and once with only my own State; and I am prepared if need be, to try how it feels to vote without any State at all."

He will have a chance to "try it" this time.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE POST

### SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS!!

Believing as we do, that the purity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred to every one who believed the *air of America*; be they Catholic or Protestant; native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who either is naturally born within her limits, or swear eternally allegiance to her laws; protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly,) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceive in as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none;" we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up fully in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say aught in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think it our imperative duty to publish a *DEMOCRATIC PAPER*.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and, as we do, the buckler of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of *Democracy*, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, nimble and feeble though it be; will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction. **TERMS**—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$20 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$25 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year; \$30 will be in all cases, exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$15 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

### Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1855) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any

of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated *Legends of the American Revolution* published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the *St. Louis Courier*, will find these pictures of French and American History enlivened by the power and brilliancy of his previous productions.

The first of a series of Original Novelties, called "Morris Hartley, or the Knights of the Mystic Valley," by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit universal praise. *Emerson Boutet*, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andressen, author of *Home Pictures*, *Patience*, *Worthington* and her *Grandmother*, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson, an illustrated Story called "The Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clarendon, Lillian Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

Reports of U. S. Patents granted are also published every week, including official copies of all the Patent claims, together with news and information upon thousands of other subjects.

\$1000—in cash prizes—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows: \$200 for the 1st; \$175 for the 2nd; \$150 for the 3d; \$125 for the 4th; \$100 for the 5th; \$75 for the 6th; \$50 for the 7th; 40 for the 8th; \$30 for the 9th; \$25 for the 10th; \$20 for the 11th; and \$10 for the 12th. For all clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription price is only \$140. Names can be sent from any Post-office until January 1st, 1855. Here are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The *Scientific American* is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

**TERMS**—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

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